

baby, i got good luck with you. by orphan_account

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Summary:

richie and will go to the pool.

baby, i got good luck with you.

Author's Note:

- For [drippingcandie](#).

the title is from the song scary love by the neighbourhood and this, of course, is for my favorite author matt who i wouldn't do have this shit without. love you, kid. happy holidays.

“No,” Max grinned and Richie’s arms fell to his sides.

“What do you mean no, Mayflower? You don’t have anyone else to go with! This is best friend rule number one.” Richie complained and the redhead laughed. For once, Richie actually wanted to participate in a school activity and Max was saying no.

“Rich, I don’t even think I want to go to prom,” Max told him seriously and Richie looked at her weirdly. *What kind of seventeen-year-old doesn’t want to go to prom?*

“What are we gonna do then?” He asked, trying to mask his disappointment.

“Well, *I’m* gonna stay home and watch a few horror movies. You’ll be at the dance—“

“Why would I go without you?”

“—with Will.” She finished and Richie’s face flushed as his eyes got even bigger behind his glasses. Max grinned at him and he shook his head before glaring. Richie was the jokester, the class clown, and she was stealing his thunder.

It wasn’t like Richie hadn’t thought about it before. He would love nothing more than to build up enough courage to ask Will himself, but every time he tried there was that *what if* in the back of his head.

What if Will said no? What if Will laughed in his face? What if Will would rather— *Stop, spiraling* .

He was ashamed that he had to remind himself that this was Will Byers and that Will was different than the rest of Hawkins. Richie was comfortable enough around Will that he didn’t have to make the jokes, or talk in the accents, though he would if Will asked. He could sit there and talk to him about anything and Will would’ve listened to him with an open mind.

It was one of the many things Richie loved about him.

Richie wasn’t one to throw the word *love* around all willy-nilly, but it was the only way to describe how he felt.

Unfortunately for Richie, Will Byers had a crush on his brother.

“You’re funny, Minnie Max. Got any other jokes? Ones about my daddy issues, maybe?” Richie asked dryly and Max’s smile fell.

“Why are you so damn overdramatic? Jesus, Rich.”

“If I ask him, he’ll say no.”

“No, he would not! He would do anything for you, you idiot.” She slapped the back of his head and he made a face.

“Alright, he’s gonna think I’m asking him as a friend,” Richie grumbled and she stayed quiet.

“So you agree with me on that,” He pursed his lips and she scoffed.

“All I know is that you need to do this. It’ll be perfect! You take him to prom, you guys dance and have a good time, then **boom**, you tell him how you feel.” Max clapped and Richie flinched before shooting her a look. “What?” She asked. He was glad she was so confident in her fucking plan.

“You missed something.” He said.

“What?”

“Me getting rejected.”

“Oh my God, Richie!”

“What’d he do this time?” Dustin asked with a grin as he walked up to his them.

“Fuck off, Dusty.” Richie shot back playfully.

“I’m wounded.” Dustin clenched his chest and Max rolled her eyes.

“I told him to ask Will to prom,” Max told Dustin and he rose both eyebrows with curiosity.

“Is he gonna do it?”

“No.” Richie and Max spoke and the same time and Dustin slumped his shoulders.

“Richie, you’ve liked him for so long. I don’t see what the harm is in asking him.” Dustin looked at his friend, who seemed about fed up with the both of them.

“Rich—“

“I can’t, ok. I would love to, trust me, but I can’t.” He stepped in front of them. Max’s face turned to one of annoyance and Dustin, one of pity.

He didn't need this.

"I bid you both farewell." He mocked a British accent before trudging towards the double doors that led to the school's parking lot.

Richie sighed as he walked out into the warm May air. His friends had valid points, he could ask Will to prom. It didn't matter if Will thought they were going as friends as long as they were there together.

But I don't want it to be us going as just friends.

He made a face and readjusted his glasses, making a note to himself to buy more tape for them later on.

"Richie!" A familiar voice called after him. He turned to see the beaming face of Will Byers and his heart couldn't help but skip a beat.

"Hey, Willy Wonka." He grinned and Will glared playfully.

"Hey, I- uh, I saw you walking out. You looked upset, is everything ok?" Will's eyes were full of worry for his friend. How could he not be? Will knew that Richie had bad days when it came to his anxiety, he just wanted to be sure his friend was ok. Richie bit the inside of his cheek as he looked at the shorter boy.

“Yeah, I’m good. Just tired, I guess.” He said before wondering when it had become so easy to lie to one of the people he trusted the most.

Will stayed quiet, the look of concern still looming over his features.

“I promise, Will. I’m alright.” Richie assured seriously. Will’s eyes darted around Richie’s face, searching for his tells when he lies. Thankfully he saw none, but he wanted to be absolutely sure.

“You’d tell me if you weren’t?” Will asked and Richie cracked a smile.

“I always do, don’t I?” He rose an eyebrow and Will smiled as he nodded.

“Are we still on for Friday?” Will asked as they continued to walk. Richie chuckled as he hiked up his bag on his shoulder.

“Course we are. You know I don’t have anything better to do,”

“I don’t think I like that response,”

“You don’t like a lot of things about me, William. I’m pretty sure we’re complete opposites.”

“Are you kidding? Not even in the slightest. And even if that were true, don’t opposites attract?” Will teased and Richie’s eyes widened.

“I’m kidding, Wheeler.” The smaller laughed and Richie let out a breath through his nose.

“You want a ride?” Richie offered, but Will shook his head. “Nah, last time I left my bike here someone tried to steal it.” Will shook his head and Richie let out a breath as a laugh rose in his throat.

“Alright, Wet Willy. I’ll talk to you later.”



“Richie,” Nancy opened the front door and Richie’s heart soared. He hadn’t seen his sister since last Christmas, and he missed her more than he wanted to admit.

“Nance,” He raced out of his car, not bothering to lock it before tackling his sister in a bone-crushing hug. She laughed joyfully and squeezed back tightly.

Richie towered over his sister, something he would always find funny. He took advantage of his height and rested his chin on top of Nancy’s hair.

“Nancy, please. The door!” Karen hollered from inside her house. Richie and Nancy sighed in unison before walking inside. Richie always had a better relationship with his older sister than his other siblings. He told Nancy about as much as he told Max and Dustin (which was everything), and she returned the favor.

“Richard, Will called and said he was coming over,” Karen told him and Richie’s face flushed after he glanced at his sister, who was already grinning at him.

“Where’s Michael?” Karen set her magazine down.

“Probably with Jane.” The two Wheeler children spoke in chorus before sharing a fond look. Karen only shook her head and hid her small smile by raising her coffee mug to her lips.

“Come on,” Nancy dragged him into the hallway. Richie let himself be led into his room before they both fell back onto his bed.

They stayed like that for a while. Shoulder to shoulder, looking up at the ceiling as they thought about what to bring up first in complete silence.

“So, how’d finals treat you?” Nancy grinned as she turned her head to look at her brother. He groaned and rubbed his face, moving his glasses slightly.

“They kicked my ass, but I’m sure I passed all of them.” He breathed

hopefully. Richie was smart and everyone knew it, he just didn't feel he needed to put so much effort into his schoolwork.

Sometimes he wondered how he kept his grades the way they were.

"Of course you did, you're Richie *fucking* Wheeler, known genius." Nancy boasted and Richie smiled.

"Y'know, I like how that sounds, Nancy Drew." He cracked his knuckles.

"How come you're back?" Richie asked after another long period of silence. "College is tiring, Rich. Sometimes you need a break." She muttered lowly. *Funny*, he thought. *You could say the same thing about life.*

"How's Will?" She grinned and his face went red for the third time that afternoon.

"Will's good. He's... good." Richie nodded and Nancy laughed heartily. He rolled his eyes and sat up, leaving his dark curls a mess.

"You still got a big fat crush on him?" Nancy wiggled her eyebrows earning her a face full of a pillow, courtesy of Richie.

Nancy laughed harder as Richie pinched the bridge of his nose. "God, Nance- I know. I'm hopeless, you've been telling me since I was thirteen." He chuckled softly. Nancy's laughter died down and she

wrapped an arm around her little brother.

She remembered all the talks they'd had about Will Byers. Of course, she did. Richie would smile dreamily as he spoke about Will's eyes, his smile, his art.

And then he would break down.

Richie cried to her for *years* because of Will's crush on Mike, and Nancy swore she hugged him so tight he couldn't breathe. She would never tell him, but she cried too. It hurt seeing her brother so upset over something he felt he could say nothing about.

"Byers is too oblivious for his own good." She mumbled as she fixed Richie's hair. The taller boy let a breath out of his nose while a smile played on his lips.

"It keeps him good. I'd rather him be oblivious than aware of all the bullshit that goes on around here." He countered and Nancy nodded in response.

She was proud of her brother. He was one of the smartest people she'd ever met, and though a lot of people didn't know it, the most caring. He gave a big ol' *fuck you* to everything that tried to force him to conform and then another *fuck you* to just about everything else.

"Have you figured out the whole sexuality thing?" Nancy asked and he shrugged.

“I like who I like, whether that happens to be a boy, or a girl, or whoever doesn’t matter.” He explained simply.

Richie said *fuck you* to labels too.

“Do you plan on telling mom?” Nancy asked quietly. Richie looked at her calmly and shook his head.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if she already knew.” He laughed. Nancy knew it was hard in the beginning for Richie. Their father was useless when it came to anything having to do with his children. When he wasn’t screaming about how patriotic the Wheelers were, he was getting angry about the *fags* . Nancy was glad Karen kicked him out after she went to college. She didn’t want her brothers and sister to be around someone so terrible.

They sat up talking about how different Maine was from Indiana, how Nancy felt like she was trading one small town for another, and how she couldn’t wait to travel after she graduated.

There was a knock at the door and their conversation stopped. “I should go since your boyfriend’s here—”

“Nancy,” Richie hit her with the pillow again.

“It’s open!”

“Hi, Mrs. Wheeler.” They heard down the hallway.

“Hi, Will. How’s your mother?” Karen replied as she set her coffee down.

“She’s really good actually. Got promoted to manager at the store.” Will smiled proudly.

“Oh! Well, tell her I said congratulations.” Karen responded happily. Will gave a nod before letting himself into Richie’s room.

“Nancy!” Will gasped fondly as she stood to give him a hug.

“Hey, Byers. Glad to see you got a haircut.” Nancy ruffled the taller boy’s hair and he scrunched up his nose.

“You can thank your mom for that.” He breathed and Nancy nodded with pursed lips. “Alright, I’m going to see Davie. I’ll see you later, Rich.” Nancy kissed the top of his head.

“Love you,” He called after she hugged Will goodbye.

“Love you too!” She yelled back. Richie heard the door close and he gripped his hands together.

“What’s wrong?” Will sat down next to him on the edge of the bed.

“Tired,” Richie shook his head.

“You need to go to sleep earlier.” Will frowned and Richie laughed softly. “I’m serious! Sleep is important.” He urged.

“I know that, Willy the Kid. You know what else I need?” Richie asked in a joking tone as he leaned back on his forearms. Will rolled his eyes and rose both eyebrows.

“What could you possibly need more than sleep?”

“Love and validation, of course!”



“I cannot believe you convinced me to trespass,” Will scrunched up his face after his socked foot landed in a puddle of water. He was joking, of course. It didn’t take much convincing, considering he was bored out of his mind. Quite frankly, Richie could’ve asked him to jump off his roof and into the lake next to his house and he would’ve shrugged and replied with a simple *alright*.

Maybe it was because it was *Richie*, though. Richie could persuade

him to do just about anything, all he had to do was ask. Will hated that his best friend had *this* much power over him.

“It’s the fucking community pool, Willard. You won’t die.” Richie chuckled as he set his towel down on the worn down plastic chair.

“Do me a favor and don’t sit there,” The taller of the two pointed at it and Will nodded.

Will hummed as he craned his neck slowly to take in his surroundings. The pool wasn’t nearly as bad when it was empty, and the moon reflecting off of the chemical-filled water was almost breathtaking.

“Are you gonna have an orgasm or something? Jesus, Will. At least have the decency to go to the bathroom.” Richie’s voice cut through the silence like a knife, and Will rolled his eyes.

“It’s pretty. Go fuck yourself, Wheeler.”

“I will! But I’ll go in the bathroom, unlike you, heathen.” He went on and Will rose his middle finger.

“I’m wounded.”

“Beep beep,”

Richie rose his hands in surrender before plucking off his shirt and tossing it in Will's direction.

"Glasses," The other boy called before Richie jumped in.

"What would I do without you, Byers?" Richie stuck out his bottom lip as he turned to face his friend. Will stepped closer and grabbed the thick-rimmed glasses out of his hands and sighed.

"Well, for one, you wouldn't get pushed into the pool." He answered and Richie hardly had to time to process it before he was shoved into the water.

Richie hit the water with a loud splash and Will could hardly keep his laughter down, especially after Richie resurfaced and started whisper shouting about how cold it was.

"Join me, Willy."

"I'm good," Will scoffed as he kicked some water in Richie's direction before sitting down.

"Pussy,"

"You are what you *don't* eat." He stated matter-of-factly and Richie howled with laughter.

They went on like that for what felt like hours, though it was probably only thirty minutes. Richie convinced Will to jump in at some point, making, even more noise than they already had. Will wouldn't have been surprised if they got arrested that night.

“Fuck you, Willy Wonka. You know I'm as blind as a bat.” Richie palmed his eyes after Will'd jumped on his back. The youngest Byers side as he made his way towards the edge to grab Richie's glasses.

Will pulled his friend's hands away from his face before sliding the glasses back on.

“Better?” He rose an eyebrow and when Richie opened his eyes Will could've sworn he heard his breath hitch.

“Yeah,” Richie swallowed thickly and Will nodded with his fingers still lingering on the side of his neck.

Will always loved those glasses more than the others. Richie's eyes didn't bug out of them like they normally would but they were still big; big enough for Will to get lost in Richie's warm brown eyes like he always did; like he was right now.

And it all seemed a little too perfect to Will, so who was he to not take advantage of a perfect situation?

Will drew Richie closer and leaned forward slowly. Richie didn't pull away which brought up a whole new storm of thoughts in Will's brain.

A storm he chose to ignore, of course.

It was one kiss, but it was one kiss that took entirely too long to happen, in Will's opinion. And he'd kiss other boys before, but none he was really interested in.

None of them were Richie.

For the first time in what Will thought was forever, Richie went completely silent, and it *terrified* him.

“Chee?” Will pressed his lips together, hoping—no, *praying*—that he hadn't read everything wrong.

Richie hummed a response and Will rose an eyebrow. “You alright?”

“Yeah, I just— I'm not dreaming, right? This is real?” Richie's voice came out hoarse, and relief washed over Will like a flood.

“Yeah,” Will smiled. “Yeah, this is real.”

“Ok, good. Can I uh... Can I kiss you again?” He asked and Will nodded slowly.

Richie wasted no time in doing so as he closed the space between them for the second time that night. Will inhaled sharply before pushing back gently.

Richie's tongue grazed Will's bottom lip and he opened his mouth quickly. Will sighed against him after Richie's hand slid onto the small of his back to pull him close and he tangled his fingers in his wet hair.

"Hold on," Richie pulled away breathlessly and Will cleared his throat.

"Go to prom with me." He suggested and Will's face went red.

"O-Ok,"

And they did.

Author's Note:

happy holidays to all you ryers shippers <3